

THE
Two SOSIAS:
 OR, THE
True Dr. BYFIELD
 At the Rainbow Coffee-House,
 TO THE
 Pretender in Fermyn-street.

IN

A N S W E R

To a LETTER, wrote by Him,
 Assisted by his two ASSOCIATES.

*Nullaque, Mica Salis, nec amari Fellis in Illis
 Gutta fit. O demens vis tamen illa legi!*

Martial.

With a PREFACE relating to the late
 famous Exploits of the facetious Dr. Andrew
 Tripe. As also an Account of the new Creed
 of these Physicians, design'd as an Appendix
 to the Religio Medici.

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THE PREFACE.

HIPOCRATES has left the World many excellent and useful Aphorisms: and Dr. Woodward has, it seems, begun the Preface to his State of Physick with an Aphorism. The bad Luck Dr. Fr—d has lately had in his pretending to comment on the former of these Authors, and the many needful Admonitions he, and his two Associates, Dr. C—de, and Dr. M—d, have receiv'd from the later, have put them quite out of Conceit with Aphorisms. However, I'll venture to begin my Preface with one, "That the primary Design of the Art of Physick is to do Good, to relieve the Sick and Diseased: and not

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"meerly to enrich Physicians, to fill their
"Pockets, and give them an Air of Gran-
"deur." I well know those three Phy-
sicians will as little relish my Preface, on
Account of this: as they do Dr. Wood-
ward's, on Account of the deep Judg-
ment, the thorow Knowledge, the Faith-
fulness, the Care, and the Self-Denial *,
that He requires in every Physician. This
they can never digest, while they are en-
tirely bent on Ways and Means to raise
Contributions all over the Town: while
they are grasping at the wbole Power of
Physick, and endeavouring to set the Tail
of the College above the Head: while they
are bringing the rest of the Faculty un-
der their Government, and into a Kind
of Subjection.

Dr. Fr——d was, indeed very rightly,
judg'd a proper Orator and Præco to the
Authors of these Enterprizes: and his
Præconia were to pass for Comments on
Hippocrates; his present Undertaking be-
ing bere on much the same Foot with his
Spanish †; which hath been so long a
Subject of Diversion, and of which the
Reader will have a Sample by and by.
On this Occasion, out of Hippocrates's
seven Books of Epidemics, he has snipp'd
off two, and reprinted them. Why he
should

* State of Physick Pref. † Vid. p. 53, 55, infra.

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should pretend to print these, without the rest, does not appear: nor indeed why he should print any at all. They were before common, and in every Bodies Hands. But the grand Business was to usher into the World an Epistolary Correspondence, that he and his Associates had enter'd into, on Purpose therein highly to praise and extol each the other. In this they set forth nothing but in the Superlative Degree. One tells the other that He is the most learned (a), the most renowned (b), the most magnificent (c), the most accomplished (d), the most egregious (e). Dr. Willis, Dr. Morton, and others, that have been hitherto had universally in the highest Esteem, are decry'd, and run down by these great Persons; while they celebrate one another on Account of their Penetration, and the Quickness of their Judgment (f). One complements the other as to the Abundance of his Understanding (g), and its being much preferable to that of all Mankind (h) besides. He tells him of how great Weight and Moment his Authority is (i): and, such fulsom Stuff as this they judge, still in the Superlative Degree, most worthy to be

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printed

(a) Com. p. 118, 127. (b) Ib. 129, 135. (c) Ib. 129.
(d) Ib. 112. (e) Ib. 135. (f) Ib. 127. (g) Ib. 134.
(h) Ib. 133. Quæ Tu omnium optime intelligis. (i) Ib.
129.

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printed and published to all Mankind. Thus they set themselves up, marching in a Kind of solemn Pomp and Triumph, chanting each other's Exploits with a mighty Ovation : and some Others there were simple enough to put themselves in the Train, and join the Acclamation and Huzza ; while they were heartily laugh'd at by all Lookers on, who had common Sense, and were no ways engaged.

The Reader will better judge of these Matters when he has laid before him a Sample of one of these Complements. And thus Dr. Fr—d concludes a Letter to Dr. M—d. Farewel, egregious Man, says he, and proceed, as you do, both to improve the Knowledge of your Art by your Wisdom, and to defend and keep up the Dignity of it, by the Renown and Glory of your Name *.

Nor will it be amiss to give an Example of Dr. Fr—d's Complaisance, even to Himself, join'd with the same renown'd Person. He is talking of the Feats done by Purging in the Small-Pox. Whereof the Youth of 11 Years old afforded us, says he, a wonderful Instance ; whom we lately by our joint Advice snatch'd out

* Vale, Vir egregie, atque ut facis, perge Artis nostra
tum Scientiam excolere Ingenio tuo, tum Dignitatem Tui
celebritate Nominis tueri. Comment. in Hippocr. p. 135.

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out of the greatest Danger †. The Reader will perhaps think it, as they say, wonderful indeed, when he is told that from what Dr. Woodward has, with the greatest Modesty, and not less Clearness, plainly made out, they really brought the Boy into all that Danger, by a Practice, not only the most irrational, but directly contradictory to the Judgment of Hippocrates, the very Author they pretend to comment upon, of Celsus, and all intelligent Physicians from those Times downwards to ours. Nay, he has shewn them there are on Record express Cautions to avoid that very Practice, and Instances of those that have been downright kill'd by it. Which these Practitioners could never have fail'd of knowing, had they been but appriz'd of even the most common Things in the practical Writers of Physick. And, had not the Boy had a Constitution tough, beyond what could ever have been imagin'd, he had certainly been serv'd the same Sauce too. Not that I should take upon me to say, that, had that been his Fate, these Physicians would not have been, notwithstanding, as much pleas'd with their Method. Dr. Fr——d apparently was so, in the Case of a worthy and honourable

† Cujus Rei Exemplum mirificum præbuit Puer undecim, quem nos nuper conjunctis utriusq; nostrum Con-siliis Periculo maximo eripuimus. Com. in Hipp. p. 130.

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nourable Person, who actually dy'd under it. But I shoud think that (when there has been produc'd this, and others, that all allow to be incontestable Evidences of so gross a mala Praxis as the most ignorant and illiterate Empirics rarely fall into) they shoud think themselves oblig'd to make to the World some Apology: and endeavour at something in Justification of their Practice. But they have made it plain they have nothing of that Sort to offer; when they have publish'd two Books, under the Sham-Names of Byfield and Tripe, without being able to produce any one Argument in Defence of themselves: and, have put the whole of their Cause upon Noise, Railing, and the most shameless Falshood and Defamation, that the World ever saw. And any one, who is a Judge and has read those two Books, must stand amaz'd: and allow that no Age ever gave Instance of Principles so consummately bad and dissolute, in the Professors of the most liberal and ingenuous, the most noble and excellent of all Arts, as are there shew'n. But the Enormities of their Practice being laid open by Dr. Woodward, and they not able to produce anything in Favour of themselves, are fallen into a belluine Rage, and most savage Fury. Surely, was what Dr. Woodward has objected against them so inconsiderable

as

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as they would have it thought, they would slight and neglect it : and not be in such strange Alarms on the Occasion. They would not so strenuously endeavour to turn the Eyes of the World from off themselves, to attend to the groundless Aspersions they cast upon Him. They would not employ their Hackney-Setters and Agents so industriously to blast and defame him. They would not, with so much Pains raise their whole Posse, and send their Emissaries, as they do, from their various Clubs and Cabals, with Lies and Slanders all over the Town.

But, to return to the Epistolary Correspondence of these Physicians. The Thing they mainly aim at is to bring Purging, in the second Fever of the flux'd Small-Pox, into Practice. 'Tis what the most wise of the former Physicians, from Reason, and Experience, had declar'd against, as most dangerous, and even fatal. But these Physicians are in the highest Zeal and Passion for it. This is the Thing upon which they so much complement each other. They make a kind of Religion of it : and, if one may judge by their late Proceedings, if they had any before, they appear to have exchang'd it wholly for this. Indeed they seem to design to impose upon us a Kind of Medical Creed, secundum Usum Sarum : and Articles of Faith much upon the Plan
of

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of St. Athanasius ; perhaps the only Thing
in which they have aim'd at giving any
Sample of their Orthodoxy.

He begins his — Whoever will be
saved, before all Things it is necessary,
&c. They have it thus — Phlebotomiæ
et Catharsis ad Ægrotantis Salutem
utplurimum requiruntur (*a*).

Then as to what that Father has about
Salvation, they say, if there be any Faith
to be placed in such who give not the
least Reason to believe any Thing they offer,
Plures hâc Methodo Orci Faucibus
ereptos novi (*b*). Nay, they would per-
suade us it renders People immortal, Ægros
à Mortis Discrimine liberat (*c*).

St. Athanasius concludes his *Creed* thus,
— This is the Catholic Faith, which
except a Man believe faithfully he can-
not be saved. They have it — Vix ulla
alia Via ad Sanitatem pervenitur (*d*).

I can't say that this their Creed comes
quite up to that of St. Athanasius : or
that these holy Fathers of the Faculty have
been altogether so cunning in Mimicking
Him as, according to Father Grueber (*e*),
in East Tartary, the Devil was in mi-
micking the Church of Rome. For that
Jesuit

(*a*) Com. in Hip. p. 118. (*b*) Ib. p. 119. (*c*) Ib. p. 133.

(*d*) Ib. 134. (*e*) Inde Dæmonis Fraudulenta luculenter
apparet, &c. P. Greuber Epist. ad P. Kircher Voy. à la
Chine. p. 22.

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Jesuit tells us expressly, the Pagans there agree with that Church in all essential Things (f). For Proof of this he instances in extreme Unction, Processions, Reliques, Monasteries, and various other Particulars; in all which he assures us those Votaries of the Devil, the Tartars, there, and the Catholicks here, have much the same Religion and Ceremonies. If that Jesuit be not a little too liberal of his Concessions, which, I confess, I cannot but suspect, however arch these Doctors imagine themselves to be, the Devil has quite outdone them in Point of Religion. Whether he or they be most likely to bear the Bell in Point of Truth and Justice, of Virtue and Morals, will better appear from what will be produc'd out of them by-and-by.

In fine, they promulgate this their Creed, in solemn Form, to the whole World, in Order to its passing for Catholic and OEcumenical. Their Words are, Humani generis interesse putem ut illa publici Juris fiat (g). They conclude all with Forms of Thanksgiving to the President of this Council, the Man of Renown, and give

(f) Hoc solum dico Diabolum ibi ita Ecclesiam Catholica-
m emulari, &c. In omnibus essentialibus Rebus conve-
niunt cum Ecclesia Romana. P. J. Grueber E. S. J. Tartarica
& Sinica, p. 18. (g) Com. in Hippocr. p. 127.

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him Thanks in the Name of all that shall read it, *that is, as they imagine,* the whole World — Legentium omnium Nomine Gratiae solvendae (b); withal the Prolocutor declaring him Defender of this Faith (i).

Most unluckily it so fell out, that, in the Good-Speed of this great Busines, with which all were so pleas'd, all so unanimous and agreed, up starts a grand Heretic, the great Genius of Gresham (k), the Arrius in Physick of our Days, none of the Regulars, of no University, no Graduate (l), if they are to be believ'd: and presently knocks down what these so great Regulars, if their Word is to pass for themselves, have set up. The great Souls all take Fire at once: fulminate forth their Excommunications: and nothing to be heard of but Death and Destruction: a Halter, the Triple Tree, Tyburn, Hanging, and Mr. Ketch (m) as proper a Companion for Regulars of their Principles and Practices as any they could well have pitch'd upon.

Now all these Terrors and Anathemas are denounc'd, because they have no other Way

(b) Ibid. p. 129. (i) Vid. p. 4. Supra. (k) So styl'd in Dr. Fr—d's Letter, in the sham Name of Dr. Byfield, p. 6. (l) Ibid. p. 50, 51. (m) Dr. M—d's Letter in the Name of Dr. Andrew Tripé, p. 21, 22.

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Way of amusing the World : and none of them are capable of making any Reply to what is alledg'd against them in the State of Physick. They pretend to found their Purging Doctrine upon Hippocrates ; Whereas Dr. Woodward has prov'd most evidently, that the Sentiments of Hippocrates are universally so contrary, that they seem never to have read him : that the Sentiments of all the judicious and intelligent Part of Mankind have been wholly against them : that all Reason and Nature is apparently against them : that even the very Cases that they have related make clearly against them, and demonstrate the Danger and Absurdity of their Practice : that their Medicines evidently join'd the Disease, heighten'd the Symptoms, and endanger'd the Constitution : that some of them directly and constantly, by their own Confession, ended in Death : that the Bills of Mortality were increas'd to a Height that was never known before, in that Article, immediately upon this their new Practice : that the Instances they have given are such as nothing can be concluded from but to the Disadvantage of what they offer : that this likewise is the Case of the Seasons in which the Tryals were made : that the Medicines they used were the very worst

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and most unfit that they could have chosen: that the Forms, and even the very Doses were both improper. When once Men are out of the Way, 'tis hard to guess whither they will ramble. Never did Mortals march on in the wild Manner that these did, out of all Roads: and yet strangely pleas'd with the Course they took; pronouncing all, except themselves quite out of the Way. The meereſt Dotterels on Earth now and then fall, tho' it be by Mistake, into the Right. But these had ſuch Hits as were never before heard of. They ſhew themselves ſo perfectly clear and free from the leaſt Charge of Prudence that one might have reasonably expected to have found Fortune on their Side. But how much ſoever they may have fail'd in other Respects, they have plainly ſucceeded in ſhewing the Proverb is not without Exception. In a Word, perhaps there was never, from the Creation to that Day, laid open ſuch a Scene of Rashneſs, and Boldneſs, of Blunder, and Incongruity, without the leaſt Spark of right Reasoning, of Judgment, of Medicinal Accompliſhment, appearing any where throughout the whole. Now, when, on Account of ſo rare, ſo new, ſo glorious a Practice as they themſelves judged this, the Authors were ſolemnly at their IO TRI.

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TRIUMPHES! and their loud Proclamations of one another's Praises, to be brought thus by Dr. Woodward to the Test, and have their Errors so effectually laid open, to damp all, was truly enough to make them angry, and so very immorally angry with the Author, as they shew themselves on the Occasion: and, in this Pett, without the least Regard to Truth or Justice, to do or say whatever came uppermost, and their Indignation prompted them to.

As under the Name of Dr. Byfield is acted the Part of Dr. Fr—d, so, under the Disguise of the facetious Dr. Andrew Tripe, is acted that of Dr. M—d, solely, and without Regard to any of his Companions. If to come bebind a Man, in the Dark, and without any just Provocation, or the least Motive, besides Pride, and Ill-Nature, to give him a Stab, in the tenderest Part, is to be facetious, certainly Dr. M—d has, in this Work, convinc'd all Mankind that he has the most Wit and Humour, and is the most facetious Man alive. Tho' I be no great Critick, I am somewhat a Judge of his Style: and I find here, under the Name of Dr. Tripe, an empty Fullness of Expression without anything elaborate^(a); oppro-

(a) Dr. Tripe's Letter, p. 24.

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opprobrious Appellations, and Reptility of Nonsense (*b*) ; with other Phrases, and Expressions, so nearly resembling what occur in every Page of the Account of Poysons, that there cannot well be any Doubt but they flow'd all from the same Pen.

He is in great Rage with the Author of the Letter to, himself, and his two Companions, the fatal Triumvirate (*c*). His own Consciousness makes him apply to himself Appellations, as he calls them, and Things, there, that are really only Incidents, and were not apply'd to anybody. The Author of that Letter is a Graduate, and of the University : and his Wit and Learning is allow'd by all the World. 'Tis true he treats him and his Companions with the Scorn that they and their Cause justly merit. But he has nowhere, in the least, receded from Truth : or descended to any of the Practices upon which alone their Cause stands. The main End of his Writing is, in Caution to Dr. Woodward to take no Notice of such Libels : nor to be, by the Artifices of the Authors, drawn out of his Way, to quit his Studies and Designs that are of that Use to the Public. To which Opinion,
not

(*b*) Dr. Tripe's Letter, p. 33. (*c*) Ib. p. 33.

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not only I, but all the sober Part of Mankind, must assent. Such scurrilous Papers no ways affect him: or indeed any one, except the Authors. So that the Writer of that Letter rightly admonishes the Triumvirate, to leave off Personal Abuse, and betake themselves to Reasoning, and Argument, to give Instances and cite Cases (d). This is all that is any ways of Use: and all that the World is concern'd in; so that on this alone the Issue of the Cause ought to be put.

The Love I shall always bear to Sincerity, and Plain-dealing, obliges me to take Notice of the Liberty I have, in the following Papers, taken, under Dr. Byfield's Name, to set to rights what Dr. Fr—d had so unworthily misrepresented under that Name. I fell into this unawares; being lead indeed by the Example I had in View. But by this Means, I have done Dr. Byfield Justice, in making him disclaim the false Accusations that Dr. Fr—d had made him Author of. Mine, is only the Cause of Truth. It needs no Disguise: and indeed I naturally hate all Disguise. If the Reader will pardon what I was thus lead into, chiefly through Haste and Inadvertency, he shall not have Reason,
to

(d) Letter to the fatal Triumvirate, p. 17.

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to blame me for falling into any of the other Artifices, of Dr. Fr——d, and his Companions, us'd meerly to shelter their own Error, Ignorance, and ill Practices, and to suppress and conceal the Truth.



The



The TRUE
 Dr. BYFIELD
 TO THE
Pretender in Fermen-street.



ETHINKS, dear Sir! however conversant and intimate You and I may have been, your Personating Me, and taking upon You my Name, without first asking my Leave, is making somewhat too familiar and free with Me. Nor can I suffer my Name to be used to such Purposes as you have used it. If, on Account of what you have hitherto palm'd on the World in your own Name, it be now no longer credited, You must excuse Me, if I suffer not what You now print to be made current by the Authority of mine.

B

Your

Your Endeavours to imitate Me, and come up to my Level, and your thus assuming the Character of another Dr. Byfield, brings to my Mind the two *Sofia's* in *Amphytrion*. The true *Sofia* (like your humble Servant) was a very honest Fellow; but the Pretender, (the Heathen-God *Mercury*) that only mimick'd the other, tho' a mighty rhetorical, flourishing, Speech-making Don among the Heathens, was yet a very false, sharking, tricking, lying Varlet; and the very Design of his Imposture, and assuming the Name of the true *Sofia*, was, under it, to carry on some very scurvy vile Practices. That commonly is the Case; and therefore, whatever you may, I'm sure, I'm not for any Pretender.

As the Heathens of old represented their Gods by Images; so they made these, just as (it seems) you would have us now do our Doctors, by meer Fancy; and any rude clumsy Log, hewn into a little *Form*, frequently serv'd the Turn.

*Olim Truncus eram ficulnus, inutile Lignum
Cùm Faber, incertus Scamnum facerétnne Pri-
pum,
Maluit esse Deum. ——*

Hor. Sat. 8. Lib. 1.

Nay, you are so hot, I see, for the old Way, that you put a Slight upon those Doctors that are carry'd into these Studies by their own Genius and right Reflection; or, as you phrase it, by *some*

some Impulse and free Inclination of their own. (a)
 The rather, I presume, because One of these, who may not, perhaps, have gone thorough all your *Forms*, hath yet found Learning enough, I perceive, to set you very hard, and brought you to the Test in such Sort, that I wish you a good Delivery, and that you may well get clear off. He was not, indeed, brought up at *Westminster*, under Dr. *Busby*; but he was at as good a School, under a Gentleman of full as good Learning, and vastly greater Temper and Discretion. And as for your Ostentation (*b*) of *Universities* and *Graduates*, He study'd some Time in both *Universities*, and is a *Graduate* of One, whatever you may think fit to insinuate. In a Word, you know well he is your Superiour, and that you give him Place wherever he comes. But I am not now enquiring what Parade either of you made, what Course you steer'd, or what Fortune you had; but the Result of all, and what each of you hath attain'd. Tho' I want no Regard to *Universities* and *Schools*, yet it is not surely at this Time o'Day to be thought wholly impossible that we have thence some very wooden Things, that yet have pass'd all *Forms*, and are *Graduates*. 'Tis yet on this you lay so great a Stress, that you seem to fancy, that *Degrees* confer Sense and Phyfick, as surely as (in the Church of *Rome*) Holy Orders are thought to confer Grace. But yet you, and some of your Acquaintance, have convinc'd us, that there are of these *Graduates*, after all, that, like the

Gods of the Heathens of old, have Eyes and see not, and Ears and hear not, neither do they understand. Now these, tho' they may not be ever so studious, reading, and learned, as you may be forward to perswade us, yet it must be allow'd, they are as prowling, * plodding, and as practising in their Way, as any Doctors of them all. As I'm thinking of these, 'tis natural for me to take Notice of one Passage † that fell very unluckily from your Pen, I mean, *a formal Coxcomb in Phyfick.* For the Blood of me, dear Friend! I could not, on this Occasion, by any Means, get you out of my Head; tho' I endeavour'd it with my whole Might, and cast about on all Sides for the Purpose. I consider'd, not only the Author of the *State of Phyfick,* that you would so injuriously fix it upon, but every Man besides, in the whole Catalogue of the College, and the numerous Practitioners without; but in vain. Like the Needle to the North, my Thoughts turn'd ever to *Jermyn-street.* All I consulted, to a Man, agreed with me, and center'd in the same Place. No where else to be found a Thing so trim, so sleek, so dapper. The Toss and Elevation of the Countenance, the Cock of the Nose, the prim, starch'd, precise Mien, the queer sententious Sayings, incessant Censure, compleat your aforesaid *Charakter,* and plainly point forth and *distinguish* the Thing of a most exquisitely-finish'd *Form.*

*In starch'd Urbanity his Talent lies,
And Form the Want of Intellect supplies.*

Dispens. Cant. II.

But to look a little farther into your Letter: It seems, the great Genius of Gresham (a) has put you and your two doughty Companions into as dreadful a Hurly-burly, as did the Giant *Typhon*, of old, the Gods of the *Egyptians*. These, to hide and save their Persons from his Fury, transform'd themselves into the Shape of Bulls, Rams, Dogs, and other Brutes. Thus likewise have your two precious Companions done; and for your self, you have been pleas'd to grace your Person with my Form, and skulk under the Cover of my Name. I guess this was the *disastrous Accident* you mention, (b) in a Ditty more lamentable, if that can well be, than any in your whole Letter besides; for you represent your Person and, I think, for (here, as usual, you are not over lucid) your two Associates, as in an hideous Pickle, the *Sphincters* of your *Anus* and *Bladder* being *so relax'd and unguarded upon this Emergency, as finally to let go all their Contents in great Profusion.* Tho' the Fright may do much, this Evacuation was, it seems, *so profuse*, that I'm apt to fancy you had, besides, been practising on yourself, and taken some of your own Physick. That is what few Doctors of your Acquaintance do; and I advise you to take Warning for the future, and follow their Example, at least, in this Respect. That plaguy *Sal mirabile Glauberi* little merits the Kindness (c) you have for it: 'Tis wont to play this very Prank, and operate both Ways at once. Why, 'tis diuretic, Man! as well as purging: Poor Chuck! it has put thee

(a) Pag. 6. (b) p. 18. (c) Com. in Hippoc. p. 84.

thee out of all *Forms*. Well, come, cheer up again ! Take a Dose of my *Sal.* 'Tis a good *Alterant* : (d) You allow it famous for *Raising the Animal Spirits*, and *Invigorating the Nerves*. (e) You much need it : I'm sure this is not the Time to produce your *incontestable Evidences*, that your *Nerves* are not meer *Fiddle-strings* only. (f) The great *Genius* of *Gresham* has put your *Nerves* quite out of Tune : I'm sure they are, at present, in a strange Quaver and Trepidation ; and you give *Evidence* enough in what a Quandary you are. Well ! in meer Compassion, dear Sir, your Person, tho' somewhat favoury at present, I take into my Protection ; and indeed you want it, for your Cause has but an evil Aspect : However, since you appeal to me, I shall allow it some Consideration ; tho', be it known to you, without Favour, in an Affair of such Weight, or Partiality to either Side, tho' you are pleas'd to set me up thus as a Judge, and a Patron, it shall be only of real Learning, of Merit, and of a rational Practice of *Physick* ; but of no Pretenders : And for *Purging in the Small Pox*, the Art of *Repullulation*, *Exulceration* and bringing on of *Gangrenes*, *Blindness*, (g) and the like ; giving *Campbore*, and *Acids*, (h) and, to be short, all Practices that end certainly in Death, I will exert my just Indignation against : For 'tis of all Misfortunes the most *cruel*, that that *Art*, that should *preside over* and protect the *Health of Man*, should ever be exercis'd in such Sort as to be made a *Nu-fance*

(d) Pag. 51. (e) p. 22. (f) p. 22. (g) Comment. in *Hippoc.* p. 124, 125, 132, &c. (h) *Ibid.* p. 115.

fance to it. (i) Such Practitioners shall feel my Power, and the Effects of my just Resentment! Nor, can it be now said, as of old, there is no Law that may punish an Ignorance thus capital, no Example of Vengeance; nor that only to a Physician to have kill'd a Man there is the highest Security and Impunity: (k) For the Case is alter'd, and there is a most reasonable Law that sets an Injury against the Health of Man on the Level with the Crime of Homicide. (l)

But before I proceed to the Tryal of what you have now submitted to my Tribunal, give me Leave to put off the Gravity suitable to this Occasion, and smile at you, while I take Notice, that, besides the Disguise of my Name, for the more effectual concealing your self, you droll, banter, put off the Graduate's Gown, and put on the *Merry Andrew's*. I hope you do not mean, by this, to quit all Title to the former; or ever imagine, that the World should take Buffoonry and Scandal, uncouth Jests, Stories ill made, and meer Fictions of your own, for an Answer to the many great and weighty Objections brought against your Practice, and that of your two Companions, by the Author of the *State of Physick*.

The

(i) Crudele—Salutis Humanae Praesidem Artem, Pestem aliqui inferre. Celsus. Lib. i. (k) Nulla præterea Lex, quæ puniat Inscitiam capita' em, nullum Exemplum Vindictæ—Medicoque tantum Hominem occidiſſe Impunitas summa est. Pin. Hist. Nat. Lib. 29. Cap. i. (l) Homicidii Crimen est in Hominiſſis salutem peccare. M. Aur. Cassiodori. Form. Comit. Archiatrorum, p. 4.

The World allows that Discourse to be wrote with right Reasoning, and in such serious Manner as was suitable to so weighty a Subject. Now, by such a Reply as you have made, without any serious Reasoning, or one real Argument offer'd, you give up your Cause, and stand convict in the Judgment of all impartial Men. They unanimously allow the Author has acted every where fairly, openly, and with the utmost Honour. He has treated both your Companions, and you in particular, candidly and handsomely. You have not been able to produce any one the least Instance of the contrary: Whereas, the only Returns that you make are either Buffoonry and palpable Misrepresentation of what he offers, or meer Defamation and Calumny. This shall be made out to you by and by; mean while, let me tell you, the World does not judge this Subject, the Health and Life of Man, a Theme proper for you to jest upon: Nor is there much Reason to relish your making your self so merry with the good natur'd Care of a Physician, with his faithful Vigilance over his sick Patient, with his attending the Operation of his Medicines, particularly the great Ones, such as Vomits, (a) that are of that absolute Necessity in the Cure of some great Diseases, and his manageing of them in such Sort as to make them safe, easy, and successful: I tell you, the World is not pleas'd with your making yourself so merry with those Things as you do; nor, indeed, with the Rancour, Invectives, and Ridicule

dicule that you use against the Author of the *State of Physick* meerly on that Account : 'Twas a greater Honour than perhaps you intended, when you compar'd the Author to the *Epidaurian Serpent.* (a) That Creature was the Representative of *Æsculapius*, and of Health; and tho', as you, in your own Opinion, wittily say, the Author, like that, has not so many Hands to take Fees as you may have ; 'tis generally believ'd he has, after all, refus'd more than ever you took. As crank and uppish as you affect to appear, 'tis but of late, and chiefly on your gathering the Crumbs of one, who not long ago, made a Crack so very near a Break, that it requires a Critick of your Nicety to distinguish them ; and was reduc'd to the selling off.

How often have he and I, after the Coach was sold, footed it, trudging lovingly together, Cheek by Joul, to *Garraway's*? In those Days, to have been a *Foreman of a Shop*, as you wittily have it, (b) would have been a comfortable Busines, and high Preferment to him : 'Twould likewise have been so to you, at the Time that you could find no better Employ than expounding the *Accidence* to Children : or writing of Feats of Chivalry, and setting forth what all judg'd nothing better than a Foil to *Miguel de Cervantes*. But, to return to that same Personage abovemention'd, your present Patron,— How oft have I beheld him, with awful Distance, and in most lowly Sort, making his

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(a) Pag. 9. (b) Pag. 51.

Obeyfance and Court to Dr. Radcliff; and 'twas long before that Physician gave him the leaft Countenance: But, after much suppliant and most obsequious Waiting, he was permitted Leave to gather Dr. Radcliff's Crumbs. As 'twas meerly to this that he owes his present Exaltation, without the least Merit of his own, now his Support is gone; there's not the least Likelihood that that can last. Tho' I had not the Happiness, in Barbican, to pass Muster as a Prophet, I have natural Sagacity enough easily to foresee, tho' I be overlook'd, and hardly known now, he and I shall e'er long again renew our Acquaintance, and become once more as familiar as ever.—Mean while, whatever be the Case of him and you, the Author of the *State of Physick* has been far from making your Idol, Gain, the End of his Practice. With this his whole Life, and his Writings are of a Piece; and, in his present Performance, there's no private Man but will see his own Interest apparently preferr'd to the Author's. This is what you (a) ridicule; and your Gain and Schemes are set up in direct Opposition to the common Good and Safety of human Kind. 'Twas meerly on that Account that he took you and your two Companions to Task; nor was he, by many, the only Man that was dissatisfy'd with your Proceedings: This all allow, that he is, not only a fair, but a generous Adversary; and that he is induc'd to oppose your Notions meerly as they are likely to be hurtful to others.

Let

Let me therefore examine what Returns you make ; how you treat him ; and in what Manner you defend yourself. I will first consider what Regard you have to Truth. And, as to this, your *Letter* is of a Piece from Beginning to Ending. Nor can I find so much as one Thing throughout the Whole, that is rightly represented ; so that I shall be forced to content myself with giving only a few Instances of what you are pleas'd to call *sincere Dealing.* (a)

In your very first Page you have — *The same Mechanical Mode of Thinking.* This, in the Page (b) you refer to of the State of *Phyfick*, is — *the same Mechanical Mode of Action with the Vomit.* I know so small a Variation will pass with you for a meer Peccadillo ; there being so near an Affinity between the Idea of *Thinking*, and the *Action of a Vomit.*

You tell him (c) He *remarks* — that *Purging never fails of making the Ague-Fit return.* Whereas, in Truth, he *remarks* the quite contrary. His Words in the Place you refer to (d) are — *Nor have I ever once seen the Ague-Fit return upon Purging.* And, whatsoever you may suggest, (e) He no where supposes a *Looseness, a proper and a cogent Indication for Purging* in an Ague, however *ominous* it may be in the Small-Pox. Tho' if he had, the Paradox had not been so great ; unless, according to your Scheme, the Body

(a) Pag. 23. (b) p. 215. (c) p. 24, 25. (d) p. 251.
(e) p. 24.

be under the same Circumstances in these two Diseases.

Whatever you, or your *old Woman* (f), may insinuate, that he judges *Assa fatida* — trifling and impotent, he himself, p. 263. expressly declares directly the contrary. As to what you say, p. 22. that he wisely suggests about — *Asses Milk*; and again, p. 26. that *Asses Milk* is insignificant in all *Consumptive Cases*, I can only tell you that he never so much as mentions *Asses Milk*, once, throughout his whole Book.

Let me intreat you to declare what Grounds you have for that pretty Tale (g) of the *Lady* that *vomited up all her Religion*: And of that (h) about the *Treatise de Macbinis fumiductoriis*, and the *Account* given of it to the *Royal Society*. You was once very worthily employ'd in writing against *idle Reports* (i). How you acquitted yourself of that Employ, will appear by-and-by. As to *these* that you are now obliging the World with, I'm perswaded all you can have to say is, that at present you are engag'd in writing for such Reports. You very seasonably then declar'd (k) of that *Account*, that it would *bave more the Air of a Romance than History*. The Thing fell out just as you imagin'd; and the very same *Air* runs thorough all your Writings, quite down to this last.

You

(f) Pag. 26. (g) p. 13, 14. (h) 43. (i) *Account of the P. of P's Conduct in Spain*, p. 92. (k) Ib. p. 196.

You are mighty ingenious, and equally sincere, where * you make the Author of the State of *Physick* declare, that by *Vomiting* he hath frequently reduced a bumped Back to a perfect Plane; when he has no where said one Word about reducing a bumped Back.

"Tis with the like Sincerity that you † make him say — *In Pleurises, be the Pain never so acute, I never venture, perhaps, in some Days, to let Blood, till I have taken a very careful Survey of the Complexion.* — Nay, even in *Apoplectic Strokes*, I do not think it safe to administer any Tbing before I have made my Superficial Enquiries into the Hue of the Skin.

He has not one Syllable to this Purpose: And you may possibly think your fixing such a Charge upon him is hardly worth taking Notice of; it being only with Intention to render him odious, by representing him as barbarous and cruel, dallying and trifling with his Patients under the highest Torment and Danger.

Upon still the same Principle you tell him, p. 8. that he hath shewn — *Vomits and Oils to be the only Sovereign Remedies in English Distempers.* As also, p. 28. that he observes the Error of all Practitioners hitherto lies in this — that they do not prescribe Vomits in all Cases. And in the same Page, that 'tis vain in a Diabetes, the Sudor Anglicus, or in any Hamorrhage whatever, for an Alterant or Astringent to be thrust in, without the previous Interposition of a Vomit. — *In Hamorrhages,*

* Pag. 29, 30. † p. 19.

ges, if the Bleeding be very enormous, the Vomit should be much the stronger. Were there the least Truth in this, you might judge it, perhaps, a Ballancing Accompts with him: And set it against your Exulcerations, Gangrenes, and the like. But however, that would not be the least Vindication of your own Practice, or that of your two Companions.

In like Manner * you make him assert, that no Purges should be given in the Small-Pox: But if any, doubtless the most violent. Elaterium seems to promise signal Service. A Man of common Modesty will be surpris'd to be told, not only that there is nothing like this throughout the whole State of Phyfick, but that he no where once recommends the Use of Elaterium. 'Tis true, he cites a Passage † concerning this Drug, not relating to its Purging, but its Vomiting, out of Hippocrates: And any Man who considers, will find here one of the many Proofs that occur in the State of Phyfick, how little conversant you have been with that ancient Writer; tho' you take upon you to print Comments, forsooth, upon him.

But truly you charge the Author of the State of Phyfick home, where you || you make him say, rather than attempt Purging, even after the Small-Pox is quite over, I choose — Vomits and Oils.—By which Procedure, closely persu'd — they fall into a Hectic, and, in a Month or two, make an easy Transition into the other World. — This was the

* Pag. 41. † p. 178. || p. 41, 42.

the Case of that very worthy and honourable Person Mr. W. I gave him the Discipline of a Vomit every two or three Days; — so that in less than six Weeks Death clos'd the Scene in the gentleſt Manner. At the Point of Death there is an extream Nicety in the good Management of a Vomit. Here you represent him not only as a common Murderer, but particularly charge on him the Death of a Person of Worth and Honour. In this the World is concern'd; and you have pinn'd yourself down. For you are oblig'd to set forth his Name, and declare who this Person was. 'Tis no Ways fit the Author should lye under so heinous an Imputation without Opportunity of clearing himself. If he do not do that, the Crime may well then justly lye upon him. But, if he does, your thus bringing such an Accusation will be reputed by the World one of the foulest Crimes you could be guilty of. The more to oblige you to publish the Name, I think fit to tell you plainly that I believe nothing of the Matter; and leave it wholly at your Door. What makes me judge so of this, is, that I find you so very tardy in all those Things that you have declar'd. Black is not more unlike White than what you have every where represented of the State of Physick, is to what is really deliver'd in that Work. That you may the more effectually blast him, you assert, or deny, as best serves your Turn, and conduces to that End. I should be puzzled to expound your present Proceedings, were it not for a Maxim that you have long since publish'd, (b) wherein you shew the true Spirit of Calumny;

(b) Account of the E. of P's Conduct in Spain, p. 92.

Calumny ; which, to carry on a malicious Design, must, you say, not only raise Suspicions, but deny Facts.

'Twas, I suppose, on this Hypothesis that you proceeded in your late *Evidence* against a *Lady of Quality*, (c) to give it in your own *Form*, (d) at 73 Years of Age, that you, and another of your Junto, caus'd to be treated not over Cavalierly. Mr. *Macnamarra*, and the rest of those *Evidence*, in Days of Yore, fell all much short of you. 'Tis true, her *Vertue* and *Religion* (e) were as much above your Lessening, as her good *Sense* was. Nor is her *Faith* (f) less firm, excepting only in you, and your Associate, who join'd to *evidence* her out of her *Liberty*, into a close Confinement, great Hardships, and very rigorous ill Usage. It cannot be said you committed no *Outrage* in her *Exterior Nature*: (g) Or, that she sustain'd not a *very cruel Ravage*, as to her *Body*, how secure soever her *Soul* might be; that being out of your Reach and Power. Nor did these Enterprises stop here: She was evidenc'd likewise out of her *Money*, and *Goods*; and, with such Force and Violence as was used to her, she had been evidenc'd out of her *Life* too, had she not been seasonably rescu'd out of your Hands, and the Justice of the Nation sav'd, and set her at Liberty. On this so needful Occasion, permit me, dear Sir, to remind you that you was here quite out of your Element. The License,

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(c) *Mrs. Clark.* (d) *Pag. 13.* (e) *Ibid.* (f) *Ib. p. 14.*

(g) *Pag. 15.*

of the *University* that you boast so much of, will warrant you so far as Bolus's and Pills will go. Nay, you may blister, scarryfie, exulcerate, and exercise the rest of your Medical *Tortures* as liberally as ever, if the Patient like it. Your dear Companion, in this Evidence, has told you pretty plainly how liberally this is; and it must be allow'd, no Man living has had greater Experience in this Matter. The *Sick*, says he, are now tortur'd, in not only one Way; and 'tis often-times uncertain which of those Tortures proceed from the Disease itself, and which the Medicines, prescrib'd in an improper Manner brought on (b). Thus far your Commission may bear you out: But 'tis, in my Thoughts, a stretching it to the Utmost. Stop here therefore I beseech ye.

'Tis on the very same Principles and Hypothesis I presume that you proceed in your Evidence against the Author of the *State of Physick*. For he is so far from doing what you pretend, and would have believ'd, recommending *Vomits* and *Oils* as the only Medicines, that he excludes no one Medicine in common Use, but only such as are mischievous and injurious; and is so far from prescribing *Vomits* in all Cases, that he never gives them, in any, where they are not needful, and Health not to be restor'd, or Life sav'd, without them. They being, indeed, of the highest Service in many great and important Cases, he has, with great Thought and Study, found out a Way of managing them

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(b) *De Imperio Solis & Lune*, p. 59, 60.

in such Sort as to render them not only safe, but successful: as also very easy, and of little Trouble; which, for the common Good, he frankly communicates (*i*) to the World; that all may better judge of your Candour in representing him thus, in the most odious Manner, as with the greatest Rashness, and even Fury, giving *Vomits* in all Cases, and even the Strongest in *enormous Bleeding*, tho' he has not one Word of Vomiting on that Occasion, in the *Sudor Anglicus*, which he never so much as once mentions, and other Cases where there is the greatest Weakness and Danger, *Vomiting* the Patients even to *Death*; I will lay down what he has really deliver'd in his own Words.

He declares against Vomiting unless there be a Necessity. After he has deliver'd (*) the Method of the Management of *Vomits* in such Sort as to render them safe, easy, and effectual, he proceeds: (*k*)—*Thus may Vomiting be managed where there is a Necessity. But the Body, at this [the later] End of the Disease, is in bad Plight to stand any great Shock; or to abide Blistering, Bleeding, Purging, or indeed Vomiting.* So that he advises, if safe, to defer them, at least till the Frame be re-establish'd, and new Strength requir'd (*l*).

Then he insists that the *utmost Care be used*, (*m*) in Vomiting; and that the Physician leave not the Management of it to any one; but *carefully attend, direct, and overlook the Whole himself* (*n*). This,

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(*i*) *State of Physick*, p. 214, 215. (*) *Ibid. p. 212. & seq.*

(*k*) *Ibid. p. 229. (l) Ibid. p. 231. (m) Ibid. p. 85. (n) Ibid. p. 213, 214.*

I hope may pass for an *Instance* of his *Humanity*: As your Ridiculing of it, (as you do p. 49, 50) is no mighty Proof of yours. Nay, he makes *Faithfulness, Vigilance, and Humanity*, (a) necessary to every good Physician: And advises (b) that there be a proper *Disposition of the Body, and Ordination of Things*, before-hand, with a discreet Pursuit of the Operation, that little Doses, and Vomits of the most kindly Nature, may be brought to do the Business effectually and to Purpose. Every wise and good Man, says he, will have the utmost Tenderness and Regard to human Nature: And attempt nothing by Means that are rash, or may succeed ill. 'Tis, I suppose, on this, that you ground that heavy Charge of his giving such fierce, violent, and strong Vomits: And the stronger, the more shatter'd, broken, and weak the Patient happens to be. He recommends (c) *Ipecacuanha, Oxymel of Squills*, and the very gentlest Vomits: Nay, even *Oil*, where that will do, and supply the Place of a Vomit. And for *Tartarus Emeticus*, tho' one of the best of this Class; yet, because it is stronger, he has given it only when the Case has been such as to render it absolutely needful (d). For, in that Case he rightly judges, an honest Physician must involve himself in his own Integrity: And, when he is in open Light, and sees his Way plainly, act with due Courage, and not let Life be trifled away: Acquit his Conscience, and do his Duty; but ever with the utmost Guard and Superintendance over the whole Affair himself. This, indeed,

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(a) *State of Physick*, p. 35. (b) *Ib.* p. 215, 216. (c) *Ib.* p. 220, 221. (d) *Ib.* p. 222.

will *confit him more*; but his Satisfaction will be greater (e). He was well aware that this faithful, necessary, wise Conduct, in a Physician, might *lay him open to the Blast and Censure of such Lookers on*, as may happen to be of a busy, meddling, or invidious *Disposition* (f). He well knew, you see, there were too many of the *Disposition* you but too plainly discover, in the World; which yet did not deter him from the doing his Duty, and acting strenuously for the *Rescue and Relief of the Patient* (g). To the whole may be added, that he hath clearly prov'd (b) that *Hippocrates*, on whom you pretend to write *Comments*, and will have him to be of your Side, for Purging in Fevers, declares expressly against you, and in Favour of Vomits.

After that I have fairly stated this Matter, and shewn how contrary what you deliver concerning the *State of Physick* is to Truth; after I have laid open a Scene of the foulest Imposture, and the most barbarous Misrepresentation that I ever before met with in Print, permit me, sweet Sir! to inquire of you — Are these the ordinary Practices of those *Graduates* that you speak so loftily of? Are these the Precepts of the *University* you value yourself so much upon? Or are they not rather the ill Arts of such as, relying solely on Titles, and the Sanction of *Universities*, do both the utmost Dishonour? To tell you freely my Opinion, were *Newgate* intitled to the Morals that appear

(e) *State of Physick*, p. 217. (f) *Ibid*, p. 216. (g) *Ibid*, p. 211. (h) *Ibid*, p. 226, & seq.

pear thro' your Letter, *Bedlam* to the Reasoning, and *Billinggate* to the Language, neither of those three Academies would receive any great Accession of Praise from your Performance. What, on your *Hypothesis*, is Virtue only a Thing of Shew, a meer Masque, wholly to be cast aside when you are in the Dark, or under a borrow'd Name? Are these Principles fit for a Physician? Are these, you proceed in, the Laws by which should be decided a Controversy, wherein the Life and Health of Man is concern'd? Is this the Method of defending yourself against a Charge of the greatest Importance, brought against you by the most fair and candid Adversary alive, and, in a Manner, the most manly and regular? Instead of an Answer, you have set forth a Libel, fill'd with meer Scandal and Falshoods. Can you really think yourself excused by this, and clear in the Eye of the World? Or do you not rather hereby confess the Accusation, in Effect own you have nothing to say, and by your present Practices lay yourself still deeper? Suppose (tho' you have been able to do nothing like it) you could have fix'd some Accusation on your Antagonist; would that have been any Vindication of you? The best Counsel I can give you is, to take Shame to yourself for what is pass'd, to leave off, and turn over a new Leaf.

Truth, Justice, and Humanity, are the three great Ornaments of human Nature: And so essential in Life, that without them, a Man is

is the vilest Part of the Creation, and on the Level with the most savage of Brutes. What your Truth and Justice is, appears pretty plain. Now I will consider your Humanity. The Author of the *State of Physick* points forth to you many Oversight, indeed pretty gross ones, that you have committed; and several very considerable Errors in your Practice. He does this in a Manner the most handsome to you, in Goodness to yourself, and those you practise upon; whereby he well merited your Thanks. But what Return do you make? Why, you bespatter and blacken him. You endeavour to wound his Reputation: And render him odious by all the Ways you can invent. Is this your Humanity? Are these the Ways by which you demonstrate how much your having learn'd at School and the *University*, ingenuous Arts, has soften'd your Manners, and cured you of all Ferity? You expose him under the most hateful Character to *Physicians* (a), to the *Surgeons* (b), and *Apothecaries* (c). You use your utmost Art to incense all Mankind against him: and even to raise the Mob upon him. You represent him as cruel in the highest Degree, toying and trifling over his Patients (d) without the least Compassion, or attempting to give them any Relief, tho' they lie in the highest Anguish, Misery, and Danger. You attempt to render him frightful and horrible, as using desperate Operations, prescribing little or nothing besides

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(a) Pag. 9. (b) p. 43, 44. (c) p. 43, 49. (d) p. 19.

Vomits (e), calling him therefore Names, and fixing on him the reproachful Title of *Dr. Emeticus* (f). You endeavour to blast his Practice, as giving the most violent *Vomits* (g) and *Purges* (h), even in Bleeding, and other the most dangerous Cases, where the Patient is weak, and such Operations the most hazardous. In a Word, your Rancour transports you so, as to represent him carrying Bane and Destruction wherever he goes: And killing and slaying all before him (i); without offering the least Instance, or so much as a Shadow of a Proof of any of all these Things. While the World without agrees that his Medicines are natural and rational, his Operations kindly, and his Methods happily successful. Can a Man of Modesty, Candor, and good Sense, well wish for a more ingenuous, fair, and punctual Adversary, than you shew yourself?

Instead of an Answer to a Book of the Nature of Man, and of Physick, very seriously wrote, and that calls your Practice in Question with very great Reason: You seeming to cast aside all Hopes of Justifying it betake yourself wholly to Ridicule. You play with Words. You pervert and distort the Author's Sense: Join Sentences that are at great Distance in his Work, to make yourself merry with; hoping, tho' very wrongly, that it will make others so to. But you have hardly brought in any Thing of Physick, or Anatomy, upon which

(e) Pag. 8, 28. (f) p. 50. (g) p. 29. (h) p. 41. (i) p. 41, 42, &c.

which he builds what he advances. I do not accuse your Wisdom in this Point: Or wonder the Success you have hitherto had should render you thus cautious. I fancy you may have the Proverb in your Head, *Little said, soon mended*; and methinks what you have hitherto said really much needs *mending*. To what the Author asserts, that the Term of the Life of Man is adjusted by the Number of the *Læteals Vessels*, you talk (a) of *Methusalem*, the *Pygmies*, and several other Things, that I believe may may be very witty, but are hard to be understood. But you say, (b) particularly, 'tis strange, *all our Anatomists should have overlook'd so plain and so material a Phænomenon*. If this plain material Phænomenon be the Number of the *Læteals*, 'tis surely something strange that you should not have so much Anatomy as to know the Constitution of the *Mesentery*, in which the *Læteals* are, to be such that they are not ordinarily to be look'd upon at all in Man. In some Brutes indeed they are somewhat more discernable; but, so far from plain, and much less ever to be *membred*, that they were never, thorough all Antiquity, clearly discover'd, even in them, till the last Century. If you please to read the Books of Anatomists, you will find that, of the most Diligent and Curious, very few have been able to discover any of the *Læteals* in Man. But if they were easy to be seen, 'tis nothing to your Purpose. How would the looking upon them decide this Problem? This, with you, stands much on the same

same Foot with your Surprize, (†) that it hath never yet been taken Notice of by any Anatomist — that the Closure of the Pylorus is the true and adequate Cause of Sleep. Pray, when the next Fit of Writing seizes you, acquaint us which Way you would have Anatomists take Notice of this adequate Cause in Sleep. As to the Busines of Sleeping, and Dreaming, if I may take my Notions from your Writings, you must be one of the best Judges alive. The Author of the State of Physick shews that what you write in one Place, you forget in another; and I am perswaded, I shall have one Day Occasion to give farther Instances of that Matter; and make the Cause of that Phenomenon much more plain,

You shew yourself wholly a Stranger to Anatomy, and unacquainted with the Structure of the Bowels and inner Parts, where you assert (*), That there is the same Communication between them (the Guts) and the Blood, as there is between the Stomach and the Blood. All know that the Guts communicate with the Blood, by the Lacteals, in great Multitudes. Whereas no Man has ever discover'd one Lacteal passing out of the Stomach. Lymphæducts indeed there are; which some have mistaken for Lacteals. Nor is there any Communication betwixt the Stomach and the Blood, immediately, or other than by Way of the Guts. 'Tis pretty remarkable you should be unacquainted with a Thing so material and so necessary to be known as

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(†) Pag. 16. (*) Pag. 38.

this is. Nor can it be thought strange to any Man, that one, so little acquainted with the Structure of the Body, as you shew yourself, should have no great Relish of the Doctrines deliver'd in the *State of Physick*. Indeed 'tis probable, that those Doctrines being wholly founded upon that Structure and Mechanism is the Reason that you so little understand them as you plainly appear to do through your whole *Letter*. There's a gross Instance of this (a) where you say the *Bile*—*fluices itself into the Brain, and there affis in the Affair of Cogitation*. You, with your usual Consistence with your self, but a few Pages before (b) ascribe *Cogitation to Detachments of Bile into the Blood*. Whereas the Author shews that the *Bile* in the Stomach affects the Brain, at the Instant of its Action there, without ever passing thence.

You say, (c) *the Stomach continues so remarkably well and undisturb'd—in the Small-Pox after the Eruption—that there is scarce One in a Thousand that ever feels any Uneasiness or Disorder in that Organ*. Those who are conversant with the flux'd Small-Pox, and make their Observations with the Care that so dangerous a Case requires, will soon find the Contrary of what you assert. As will likewise they who read those who have treated of this Case; and particularly the Author you seem to build so much upon, Dr. *Sydenham*, who, more than once, expressly makes mention of *vehement Sickness* (d) at

(a) Pag. 15. (b) Pag. 11. (c) Pag. 37. (d) *Aegritudo vehementis. Sched. Mon. p. 83.*

at Stomach. 'Tis likewise remarkable that this is in the very Tract that you pretend to quote, and make use of. Which brings into my Mind what you say (a) of *running over Indexes*. You could not have avoided seeing this Passage had you really read over the Author. But tho' there be *Indexes* to all his other Works, there being to this Tract no *Index* that might serve to point it out to you, you was ignorant of the Passage. Indeed the most probable Conjecture that can be made, why in one of your own Pieces you contradict what you say in another, is because, for Help of your Memory, you did not make *Indexes* to all. The *Flores*, *Phrases*, and sententious Sayings in what you write prove plainly the same Thing: and shew that *Indexes* are the Guides of your Knowledge. What you have brought out of *Hippocrates*, to countenance *Purging* in the *Small-Pox*, afford us a Proof of this that is never to be disputed. The Gentleman, on whom you reflect, not only in an unjust, but a very unmanly Sort, has brought such a Torrent of Instances, out of *Hippocrates*, of the direct contrary of what you assert, as would make a Man of ordinary Modesty blush. He has shewn that you have read even the two Books that you have taken upon you to publish, in a very careless perfunctory Manner: And for the rest of *Hippocrates's* Works you do not appear to have *run over* even the *Indexes*. Indeed what you there call *Comments* have so little Relation to *Hippocrates*, that all agree they much better suit *Nic. Culpeper*, or *William Salmon*:

Salmon : and therefore advise that, in your next Edition, you should rather tack them to one of these two Claflicks ; in which 'tis likewise thought you may be better vers'd, than you appear to be in *Hippocrates*. If you would have the Judgment of the Nation in this so momentous a Matter, in Case you stay a while, you will not fail of it, those so valuable *Comments* being to appear, e'er long in *English*, along with a famous Performance, about the *Empire of the Sun and Moon over the Body of Man*.

Another, indeed, very gross Instance, we have of your desultory Reading, in what you say, P. 29. viz. *Bloody Urine in the Small-Pox*, all *Physicians erroneously pronounce fatal*. You, in your wanted Manner, use the Word *erroneously*, sarcastically. 'Tis true, the *Method* that you have been pleas'd to publish, renders it constantly *fatal*: and one of your Companions has a Medicine, (*Campbore with Acids*) which never fails of doing Execution, and ending in the Death of the Patient. The Author, that you treat so injuriously, shews him how his Medicines do that: and proposes a Way, that is, not only reasonable, but attended with Success; at which you are so very angry, intending this, I suppose, as a Sample of your Humanity. Nor do all *Physicians pronounce* this Symptom *fatal*. Even your own Author, Dr. *Sydenham*, again, in the very Treatise that you quote, proposes a Method whereby he judges your *Fatality* may be prevented, and the Life of the Patient sav'd (a). 'Tis Pity you, and your

(a) *Sched. Mon.* p. 100, 101.

your Companions, had not read this. Let me admonish you to leave off your Way of Reading by *Indexes*: and for the future, to pay some Regard to the Life of Man: and think it a Thing of Price. Do not without Reason, Precedent, or Attestation of Nature, fall into and constantly pursue a Method that constantly ends so unfortunately. That you should do this, be conscious of it, nay, and declare it to the World too, looks very odd. A Man that has any Humanity, or even common Sense, and is not barbarous and cruel beyond all Expression, must stand amaz'd at such a Practice. Dr. Sydenham, I am sure, gives none of your grand Nostrum *Campbore*: and, tho' he was once somewhat too fond of *Acids*, yet, after farther Experience, he again rejects them: and puts in a Caution *carefully to avoid them* (a), treating of Bloody Water, proceeding from the Stone of the Kidneys, as he imagin'd. For that Symptom happens commonly in such who have no Stone. 'Tis Pity you, and your Companions, had not read this: And I advise you never hereafter injuriously to suggest that others read by *Indexes* because ye do so yourselves: but to reflect on the unhappy Consequences of it in your Practice, and to leave it off. If you have a Mind to see them, I will give you many Instances of this Sort of Reading in your famous Commentaries, in which you seem truly to me to aim meerly at Ostentation, and not Use.

This

(a) *Sched. Monit.* p. 108.

This Practice of one of your Companions brings to my Mind the Practice of another of them. Treating of the Small-Pox, he tells us. Dr. Sydenham places all his *Hope in the Swelling of the Face and Hands.* When notwithstanding we, says he, see those dye daily in whom the Skin is bloated up and swell'd to the utmost (a). Tho', as he says, he may have daily such, yet I can't but think they are very sad *Sights*; and such as few, besides him, ever have, or desire to see. So sad, that he would do well to reflect a While on them: and make Inquiry from what it should proceed, that a Symptom, which in Dr. Sydenham's, and other ordinary Practice, was so salutiferous, should, in his own, be follow'd with so dismal and pernicious an Event. I cannot dwell on such a Subject longer than only, just while I request him farther to consider whether ever he knew the Small-Pox, when attended with this Symptom, terminate thus unhappily where there were no Medicines given.

You have been shewn (b) pretty plainly how Purging souls, clogs, and obstructs the Lacteals. I beseech you, Sir, let us see how, in your Method, Purging can ever clear the Lacteals: (c) and how by Purging any Matter — may be drawn off from the Blood (d). This will be the greater Curiosity because you have been shewn how,
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(a) *In Faciei & Manuum Intumescientia Spem omnem ponit Sydenhamus; cum tamen mori videamus quotidie, quibus Cutis etiam ad summum intumuit.* D. Mead. Epist. ad D. Freind. Com. in Hippocr. p. 120. (b) *State of Phys.* p. 32, &c.
(c) Letter, p. 39. (d) Pag. 39. ibid.

by Purging, Matter, and that very bad, may be drawn on into the Blood. But 'tis to be fear'd you have read the *State of Physick*, as you have done your other Books, only by *Indexes*.

You say, P. 39. *By Experience* you have found this Method succeed: and that several have recover'd — *by Purgings*. This is the old Harbour and Subterfuge of all Empiricks. Where the Medicine does not downright kill; but, either by some lucky Chance, or, assisted by the Strength of the Constitution, Nature gets the better of it, so that the Patient does not quite dye, they are wont to call this a Cure: and plead *Experience* for the Practice. 'Tis the very Course you take, and I desire you, when the writing Fit is upon you again, to shew wherein the Difference betwixt theirs and your Practice lies. Being ignorant of Philosophy, and of the Methods of Discovering the Causes of Diseases, they decry both. You agree with them in this: and do the very same Thing. Whereas, without Philosophy, a thorough Knowledge of the Mechanism of the Body, and of the Causes of Diseases, no Man is qualify'd to judge in this Affair, or determine, with tolerable Certainty, any Thing concerning the Event or Success of a Medicine given. He can never decide whether the Medicine, the Powers of the Body, or what else brings about what is done. To do this, is a Thing of the greatest Nicety, and Difficulty; and requires the greatest Application, as well as the most thorough Knowledge of the Body, of the Nature of Medicines, and all their

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Operations. But you are come down wholly to the *Pradite upon Receipts*: and pretending to *Experience upon Practice*. How well, without Philosophy, or Knowledge of the Causes of Diseases, you judg'd, the Author of the *State of Phyfick* has made pretty plain. 'Tis true, excepting one Case, that you publish'd meerly to expose two other Physicians, whose Method 'twere to have been wish'd you had intirely follow'd, for the saving a Life of the Moment which that was with which ye were intrusted, and which was so unhappily cut off amongst your Cavils, Clashings, and Janglings, that you seem to relate with great Satisfaction; I say, excepting this, you have publish'd the Cases of none besides such as recover'd. You judg'd, so far well, which of your Patients dy'd, and which not: and had the Discretion to relate only the Cases of the latter. But, if you have a Mind to see them, there are Accounts ready of those that dy'd, very unfortunately in that *Purgging Method*. You did wisely for yourselves indeed to conceal them. But methinks 'tis hard that you should indeavour to shew your Talents to Declamation by recommending that Method to the World. Not but that the Thing is now set in such a Light that the World is pretty secure: And I persuade myself that neither you, nor any of your Companions, will never dare more to venture to give Purges in the Small-Pox in the irrational and unwarrantable Manner that you have hitherto done. The Author of the *State of Phyfick* has made it most evident, that the few Instances you have given make apparently against you:

And

And that the few Patients, that you have related the Cases of, that liv'd, were injur'd, brought to the utmost Distress, and even their Life hazarded by your Practice ; their Escape being owing most apparently to the Vigour of Youth, and Strength of Nature in Defiance of your Attempts, and of the Fevers, Exulcerations, Gangrenes, and other the most dangerous Symptoms, that were manifestly brought on by your Practice. To save you some Trouble, I must tell you one Difference there is betwixt you, and the common Empiricks, Nurses, and practising old Women. They have some Humanity, and Compassion. If they see an ill Symptom, and especially one that is dangerous, and commonly mortal, as a Gangrene, or the like, brought on, they stop short, and are frighted from farther Procedure. But you are *not* to be deterr'd by the worst and most dangerous of Accidents arising on your Practice, even where you are forc'd to allow (a) that *no Practice could be more foreign* and improper. You, as is apparent even from your own Account, march bravely on ; without Regard of the Life and Limbs of those intrusted in your Hands. The Subject that you had the handling of abode your Test tightly : and is a Miracle of Substance, and of Hardness. Pray, Sir, when the writing Fit comes upon you again, acquaint us with his Name. I have a private Reason for inquiring. Mean while let me tell you, if he is willing to be shewn, he will meet with more Admiration than the Fire-Eater, or any other

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that

(a) *Comment in Hippoc.* p. 132.

that ever gratify'd the Publick in that Way before. But to proceed a little farther in comparing your Practice and that of Nurses and old Women. You come in, to the Patient: are ever in Hurry, aim only at giving yourself Airs, shewing your Parts, and taking your Fees. You ridicule all Attending the Operation and Success of your Administrations. You slight Philosophy, and all Inquiries into the Causes of Diseases, as much, nay perhaps more than they: And he that is operating, wholly in the Dark, and upon he knows not what, must needs make pretty Work of it. Because you are you confess, yourself ignorant of the Causes of Diseases. You represent others as so too: and particularly *Hippocrates* (a), tho' he shews the Contrary through his whole Works, and particularly in the two very Books that your Printer set forth with your Name in the Title. You have Reason to say as you do (b), that you never look into *Hippocrates*, or any others of those musty Gracians. Yours may well be musty, if you look no more into them than you appear to do in what you call *Commentaries upon Hippocrates*; in which you have set forth Things as wide of the Sentiments of that wise *Gracian* as was possible. But 'tis Pity you had not your *Index* about you to have shewn you that *Hippocrates* declares those *Physicians* meer *Idiots* who are ignorant of the Causes of Diseases (c). All your Acquaintance allow that, had you really read *Hippocrates*, you would

(a) Pref. in Com. p. 14. (b) Ibid. p. 42, 43. (c) De
bet. Med. Sect. 38.

would never have thus refin'd and reason'd yourself into this Class of Mortals. Had you spent a little of that Time, in the Study of *Hippocrates*, which you did in Gotham, where, you say, you always keep a Correspondence (a), that would have kept you out, both of this Rank, and that of *Practitioners on Receipts*. For such Practitioners, how high Titles and Characters so ever they may assume, are not better intitled to Success than the meanest Pretender. Nay, if there be Odds on either, 'tis on the Side of the latter. He is accountable for it, if Things go wrong: and the Thoughts of that will hold him to due Attendance Care and Caution. Whereas the other is perhaps in a full Gale of common Vogue: or under such Umbrage and Sanction; such Shelter of Laws, of the *University*, and the *College* here, as not to be question'd. But farther; the Views of the latter are close: and his Intention simple. Whereas the other will hardly be without Schemes, Speculations, and Confidence in the Authority of those who were perhaps as little appriz'd of Nature as himself: and much more likely to mislead, than set him right. The latter only has his Success to justify him; whereas the other has nothing more needful than to have gone in the common Road, and deliver'd out his Receipts in the establish'd Forms. But I'm aware you'll not well digest these Remarks how just Occasion soever there may be for them. You may well and truly say,

(a) Letter, p. 12.

If they shd once unmash our Mystery,
 Each Nurse e'er long would be as learn'd as we.
 Our Art expos'd to every Vulgar Eye :
 And none, in Complaisance to us, would dye *.

You are talking (*a*) of Arguments for the exhibiting Purges, particularly such as are Saline, from the Recovery of the Patient. This may serve as a Key, for ought I can see, of your so lavish Praises of your Practice. For how commonly you may give them I don't know; but you mention the giving of but one *Saline Purge* (*b*): And, the very next Day after, the Patient grew not only much worse, but the Fever was increas'd: and you yourself have express'd its being attended with the *Acrimony*, and with the *Ardency* that is so peculiar to that strange *saline Hotch-Potch* that you gave. You was not content with this, but would have him take two Purges more; nor can any one well wonder that, afterwards, his Pulse should be so feeble as you represent (*c*), and his Strength quite exhausted: or that he dy'd a While after. That 'tis apparent, even from your own Relation, he had done much sooner, had not the two Physicians, that were joyn'd with you, wisely and honestly oppos'd your Purging. You own they had told you they had try'd it, but ever without Success (*d*) which surely can mean nothing other, in plain *Engl^{ish}*, but that the Patients constantly dy'd under it. But all that

* Dispensary, Canto 2. (*a*) Pag. 40. (*b*) Com. in Hippo. p. 84. (*c*) Ibid. p. 96. (*d*) Ibid. p. 84.

that weigh'd nothing with you. You oppos'd, and withstood their Reasons, Arguments, and Instances, to the very last. If your Patients thus unhappily dying, after your *Saline Purges*, be an *Argument* of their *Recovery* by those Purges, *Killing* certainly is *no Murder*: And you have just and never to be controverted Right to the Glory of such *Recoveries*. 'Tis indeed strange to see, thro' your whole Narrative of this most melancholy Tragedy; how much you represent yourself pleas'd with your own Fancy, your Sophistry, and Banter; and even playing with Words, over your miserable tortur'd languishing Friend, and the Son of your Patron, as well as a Gentleman of illustrious Merit, 'till he expir'd. Such Doings as these render *Consultations*, not only fruitless, but highly dangerous to the Life of the Patient. 'Tis sad to see, in them, how little Regard is frequently had to that; or indeed any Thing besides Cavilling, Quarrelling, Tricking, and Endeavours to supplant each other. 'Twas not without great Cause that the Author of the *State of Physick* put in a Caution on this Subject; the Jangle, in your Consultation, which was follow'd by so terrible a Consequence; giving but too necessary Occasion for it. As did indeed your so particular a Relation of it. You seem to be much transported with the Part you acted in it: and spun it out to a strange Length. Indeed that the Transactions were so tedious, was owing to your Opposition, your dissenting from the usual Method, and indeavouring to impose another that was new, irrational, and contrary to the Judgment and Experience of the two Physi.

Physicians that were with you in Consultation; and that seem'd, even by your own Report, to be both very serious, and very sincere. So prolix an Account as you have given of your Jargon and Alteration throughout this whole dismal Scene, and your appearing to be in so great Raptures in relating it, brings naturally to my Memory the Remarks of a curious Naturalist among the Antients, on some like Practitioners of his Time. 'Twas but too plain that *every one (a) amongst them that had some Faculty in Talking, became immediately a kind of Emperor, and fancy'd himself invested with the Power of Life and Death.* Indeed what he says, just before, of those Physicians, squares pretty well to the Practice of you and your Associates. *Nor (b) can there be any Doubt but all of them, grasping at Fame by some new fangled Method, such as Purging in the Small-Pox, make immediately of Human Slaughter nothing other than a Matter of Gain, and getting Money.* Hence arise *(c) those wretched Clashings of Opinions about the Sick and Diseases; no one, of the Consult, agreeing in Opinion with another.* Be pleas'd a little to consider whether that was not the Case in that Consultation, that you relate, with so much Shew of Satisfaction in your self: And whether the *Inscription* mention'd by Pliny might

(a) *Palamq; est, ut quisq; inter istos loquendo polleat, Imperatorem illico Vita nostra Necisq; fieri.* Plin. Nat. Hist. L. 29. C. 1. (b) *Nec dubium est, omnes istos Famam Nevitate aliquâ aucupantes Animas statim nostras negotiari.* Ibid. (c) *Hinc illa circa Agros misera Sententiarum Concertationes, nullo idem censente.* Ibid.

might not very justly have been cut on the Monument of your deceas'd Patient. Hence, likewise says he, the *Inscription* (a) on the Monument of that unhappy Patient that — he had an End put to his Life by a Consultation or Crowd of Pbyficians. But, as in those Days, so 'tis but too true in ours, the Patients are backward (b) to believe those Things that tend to the Service of their Health if they be made intelligible and plain. So that you may yet have some Hopes that, with those that love thus to be led on in the Dark, the *Commentaries on Hippocrates* may find more Favour than the State of Pbyfick. But Pliny goes on — so that in Truth it is peculiar to this Art (c) only, that there is immediately Credit given to every one that pretends to be a Pbyfician, a Graduate, and of some University, when there is not greater Danger in any Imposture whatever.

That is a very pretty Hypothesis that you (d) propose of Alterants — lying in the Body as long as may be in Order to make the greater Change upon the Blood. Surely every one must be strangely pleas'd with this. Excepting your Purging in the Small-Pox, the Main of your Practice seems to be founded upon it. Pray be so kind to the World as to explain it a little: and let us know whether the Change proceed from somewhat of Magick, or there be any Thing of

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(a) *Hinc illa infelicitas Monumenti Inscriptio Turba se Medicorum perisse. Ibid.* (b) *Minios credunt qua ad salutem suam pertinent si intelligunt. Ibid.* (c) *Iraq; hercule in hac Artuum sola evenit, ut cuiuscunq; Medicum se professo statim creditur, cum sit Periculum in nullo Mendacio majus. Ibid.* (d) *Letter, p. 27.*

the Philosopher's Stone in it. But first I think you should consider whether you have any one Instance of it. You quote *Hippocrates* for it. Pray let us know whether it be not in the same Place where he recommends *Purging in Fevers*. That Author is a Mirror to you wherein you find every Thing that you fancy, or want to help you out at a dead Lift: and such as those who read him are so far from finding that they find the quite contrary. There is a very long Charge against you, on this Subject, that stands yet wholly unanswered, unless you take flinging of Dirt, and inventing of Flam-Stories, to be like to dazzle the Eyes of the World and pass for an Answer. When you treat next on the Subject of *Alterants*, you will do well to inform us whether you ever cur'd any *Distemper with an Alterant* (a), without any Evacuation, or Removal of the Cause of that Distemper, and particularly whether by the *Bark* you ever really cur'd an *Ague* (b). I will not allow you to call the changing of one Symptom for another, probably a worse, a Cure. Nor the suppressing and stifling of ill Principles, for a While, till they break out a fresh, and become, perhaps, more furious than ever. Nor the transferring of vicious Matter from one Organ or Part to another, where it may be much more dangerous. Nor will I allow you to call, what Nature attempts for her own Rescue, it may be when hard press'd by you, some mighty Feat of yours.

You

(a) *Pag. 23.* (b) *Ibid.*

You tell (a) us *Steel has the Sense of Mankind in its Favour.* If you had told us of some Good it did, how it did it, and offer'd some Reasons in its *Favour*, it had been something to the Purpose. As it is, I am ready to shew you that hardly any Thing can be more unnatural to the Body of Man: that it can do nothing there but Mischief: and that it actually does that very sensibly where Nature has not Strength sufficient to master and expel it. Not but that this is the Road that you and your Companions are got into: And I am far from thinking any Reason or Arguments from Nature will ever put any of you out of it.

I readily allow (b) *Opiates* to be your *Panaceas*: and, to give it in your own Words (c), that *there is not so certain a Sign of an excellent Phy-sician, as the being able to apply one Medicine to all Distempers.* May you long enjoy the Title of Dr. Opitatus. Had it not been for this, and other like Practice, the *State of Phyfick* had been needless: and 'tis to be hoped that the Reasons deliver'd in that Work, will, for the common Good of Mankind, put an End to such Practice. For, by it, indeed, the Patient is amus'd, and a little lull'd; the Parts being stunn'd, and the Morbid Principles still'd, for the Time. But they are, by this Means, restrain'd within: and, by the thus keeping in the Body the Cause, the Disease is not only prolong'd, but render'd more injurious and noxious. Much the same Part is play'd by your Associates, and the other *Practitioners on Receipts*, with the Cortex,

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and

(a) Pag. 26. (b) Letter, p. 26. (c) Ibid. p. 50.

and *Absorbents*. On these stands the main Basis of their Practice. How right it is for the Patient, he ought to consider. But 'tis so far right for them, that, in this Method, they can never want Work.

Thus have I gone thorough your worthy Performance. I have collected every single Thing that has the least Appearance of Reasoning against the *State of Physick*: and you see what it amounts to. Before I take Leave of you, permit me to take Notice that you every where make a very splendid Shew of Triumph; so much before the Victory, when you have not been able to return the least Answer to any one single Article of all the various Charges brought, with great Evidence, against you. And yet you put on an Air of Gaiety, and Merriment. But, I confess, I take that to be meer Grimace, from the Teeth outwards, and only a Copy of your Countenance. It cannot be from your Heart. The Thing is so plain, that all agree you are in the wrong Box. You have a pretty hard Task upon your Hands: and the World is not to be bamboozl'd thus. Acquit yourself first of that Task: and then let him laugh that wins.

The Manner in which you divert yourself seems to be somewhat low, and pretty singular. I'll touch upon two or three Instances of it. Thus, P. 11, you say, *Those Animals that have not a Stock of Bile — have no Variety of Thought, as the Dove and the Goose*: and pretend *Experience from — reiterated Dissections — that this is*

is the main Reason, why so many of human Race are of the *Anserine Kind*. You appear here in your Element: and, as on all other Occasions, to have Wit and Humour much at Heart. You are certainly very terrible at Banter. That Notion of the *Thought of a Goose* is very extraordinary: And tho' you carry not so much Anatomy about you that one should suspect you of many *Dissections*, yet I believe you have found out and join'd yourself in a close Confederacy with some of *Human Race* that may be of the *Anserine Kind*. The great and loud Gaggle that ye make, and your Manner of Thought, not only in your present Production, but the rest, sufficiently, so far as ye have set yourselves forth to the World, distinguishes ye, and shews ye have just Pretensions to this Class of Animals. Not that any of ye are not, after all, well stock'd with *Bile*; but 'tis such as plainly appears to be all vicious, and can produce no useful or regular Thought: and therefore does not, by any Means, bar your Claim to that Class. You have a farther Claim from your *always keeping a Correspondence in Gotham*; which you affirm you do; tho' that was the less needful since all your late Performances shew that but too clearly. *The great Genius of Gresham* has so effectually detected that Correspondence, that you must not have so much *Thought* as a *Goose* if you do not break it off. At least, after this Warning, I'm persuaded we shall hardly see any more of it in your future *Commentaries*.

Another Instance of your Pleasantry we have P. 18 ; where you tell us that in the *Disastrous Circumstances* (of Fear) you have known the — *Sybincters*—of the *Anus* and the *Bladder*, so relax'd and unguarded, upon this *Emergency*, as finally to let go all their Contents in great *Profusion* : and 'twas a lamentable Pickle you must have been in. For by your laying, you have known it often, it must be concluded to be your own Case. You are not, sure, consulted, or your Assistance often requir'd to others that are in that Plight. Unless it was at the Time when your Correspondents, before-mentiond, receiv'd the News of the Publication of the *State of Physick*; which indeed 'tis generally concluded was the grand *Emergency*, and, as you repeat it, the *disastrous Circumstance* you speak of. It cannot be thought strange that, from that Time, your most intimate Acquaintance who, till then thought you, tho' very *formal* indeed, very insipid, *should ever since think you as much too favoury.*

This, I presume, woe the Day ! was the Bout wherein were discharg'd your *Biliose Salts*; which, you tell us, if they had not finally found this unfortunate Exit at the *Anus*, would, no Doubt, have produc'd a Train of very bright Conceptions (b). If that were so, 'tis Pity you had not had a few in Reserve when you wrote this Letter, in which all agree such Conceptions appear very thin. They gues not improbably who imagine you so apprehensive of the Loss, that you took some of these Salts in again. What

(b) Pag. 12.

What much confirms this Conjecture, is, that you have beeen very foul mouth'd and abusive of late. What you would pass now on the World, for Wit, is indeed something preposterous: and your Fancy is so mean, low, and nasty, that all allow 'tis properly only the Business of a Scavenger to consider such Stuff; so that I have but an indifferent Time of it: and you cannot well be farther to seek for the Reason why the World so much nauseates what you write. In this *Diarrhea* all your former Ideas seem to have quitted you, except those, which 'tis plain affected you most, that you had taken out of *Tartaret de Arte Cacandi* (a) and, you have ever since appear'd to retain no Manner of *Liveliness or Wit*, (b) but only meer *Form and Shew*. Tho' you are so modest (b) as not to acknowledge it, all conclude this, which you here relate, to be your own Case, because they see it usher'd in with what you judg'd the Character of your self before, viz. a *Gentleman of a fine Penetration and a very acute Understanding* (b). 'Twas thought you was there a little too partial to yourself; for otherwise Things have been strangely alter'd by this *Diarrhea*.

That is very smart which you have, P. 18.
Every honest Physician should be well vers'd in the Art of Colouring. The Cunning of it is extraordinary. A common Reader will never discern the Connexion between *Honesty* and *Colouring*: or perhaps, dream that you intend this for a Hint that the *Honesty* of the *Physicians* you talk of,
 par-

(a) *Vide Oldham's Character of an old P.* (b) *Letter p. 12.*

particularly your Correspondents, is meet Outside, Art, and only Colouring. 'Tis well however, all Things consider'd, 'tis no worse : and that you think, at least some Colour and Shew of it needful.

That likewise, P. 19. is an arch Invention, of so generally using a large multiplying Glasse that the Hue [of the Complexion] may present itself to the Eye the more distinctly. You cannot fail of having great Knowledge in Physiognomy : and 'tis generally judg'd that 'twas by this you were led to the Choice of your two other Correspondents.

Nor do you here give greater Proof of Skill in the Outside of the Body, than you do of the Inside where you declare (a) yourself capable of producing incontestable Evidences from Anatomy and the Study of Nature, that the Nerves are not meer Fiddle-strings only. That will be very seasonable : and you would do well to produce those Evidences. For your Nerves, and Brain too, have been thought pretty dry of late ; tho', if the former be Fiddle-strings, 'tis plain they have been long very much out of Tune. If what you sagaciously observe (b) be true, that such irregular Modulations—create a Doltishness and Stupidity, it may serve for a Key to a great Number of your late Enterprizes : And likewise to let us into the Reason why you imagine the Rational Faculty not natural, excluding it out of the natural Functions (c).

What

• (a) Pag. 22. (b) Pag. 8. (c) Pag. 11.

What you offer, P. 27, must be very diverting, viz. If *Sleep* be extremely necessary, I rather (than use Opiates) endeavour to persuade the *Pylorus* to close. To which End, I often make use of the *Feather* of a *Peacock*, long enough to reach it: So that the *Pylorus*, being tickled in so agreeable a Manner, shuts. This Tickling of the *Pylorus* with a *Peacock's Feather*, makes me call to Mind a Passage that may tickle you a little; for I cannot see how a Man of common Sense can fall into such very ridiculous Trifling. I am persuaded, Fooleries, so very low, hardly become or comport rightly with such solemn grave *Airs* (a) as you are wont to give yourself. Or, to represent this in your own Phrase (b), 'tis pretty odd to see a Thing so stiff and formal, in Reality, so very a *Coxcomb* (b). You think yourself very facetious, and that there is something of Jest in these Things; but it happens to turn only upon yourself. That indeed is the common Lot of those of your Tribe.

*The Satyr of vile Scribblers shall appear
On none, except upon themselves, severe (c).*

Had you found any Thing thus light, vain, or improper, in the State of *Physick*, you had done well to have alledged it. But, for want of that, you have Recourse wholly to Fiction, and Inventions of your own. You appear to be particularly studious of what may be pleasing to the *Fancy of Children* (d); and those

who

(a) *Credo non decere Gravitatem ejus tam humiles Ineptias.*
Petron. Arb. p. 195. (b) *Pag. 9.* (c) *Mr. Cheek, in the Dispensary.* (d) *Pag. 50.*

who have consider'd your Jests and Quibbles, allow you have succeeded tolerably well in this Point. But, for Men, they are so far from being affected with them, that I believe you can't give an Instance of any one that has been able to hold out to read to your third Page. Your *Advertisement* of a second *Edition* made those laugh in their Sleeves who knew well the first was turn'd on your Hands : and you had no Way to get it off but by carrying it about in your Pocket, and prevailing with your Acquaintance to accept it *gratis*. If you would have ventur'd to write in this Way, you should before have taken now and then a Dose of my *Sal.* That might a little have incited and brighten'd you up. 'Tis plain you imagine you have something of this Sort in you. But that is a meer Delusion. 'Tis all meer *Gall*; and indeed of the worst Sort, an *Atra Bilis*.

Non est in tanto Corpore Mica Salis.

Your *persuading the Pylorus to close*, is much like *Sofia* in the *Play*, making a *Speech to his dark Lantern*. 'Tis an Instance of the Talents you are so apt to imagine you have to Declamation: and reminds me of what you are wont to value yourself so highly upon, the Fineness of your Turns, and great Delicacy of your Style. 'Tis this Fancy that eggs you on; and makes you,

— tho' it be in Spight
Of Nature, and your Stars, to write*.

You

* *Hudibras.*

You can't forbear, here, in this precious Piece ; but have taken great Pains to bespatter the Style of the *State of Physick* ; without being able to produce one Sentence, out of it, that is ill turn'd, or has the least Impropriety in it. So that you are put to the forging and making Sentences for the Author. Without that, you are no more capable of disparaging his Style, than you are of imitating it. As to your own, it seems to have been form'd much upon the Plan of the *Incomparable Incomprehensible Author* you speak of * : and tho' you have none of his *Naked Truth* *, you have very much of those you call * *Beauties* in him. As to your Definition of *Style* *, indeed in yours we see nothing of the *flush*, the *easy, free, nervous, or elegant* ; yet you have, in every Page, abundance of the *quaint, sonorous, sublime, and transcendental* *. You rumble on every where, *et Rerum Tumore et Sententiarum vanissimo Strepitum*. Oh would you but be pleas'd to bless the World with your *Oratio suavissima ad Pylorum* ! what Flowers in this Kind might we not hope for there. 'Till you do that, we must content ourselves with your past Performances ; which may indeed be justly reckon'd Masterpieces in their Way. I know I shall oblige you, by presenting you some Instances that must be allow'd extraordinary in their Kind.

I choose to begin with those that carry in them that Sort of Figure that the vulgar Rhetoricians call a Bull. You have a strangely

H

acute

* Letter, p. 6. † Petron. Arbit. sub. Initio.

acute Skill (a) and Propensity to this Sort of Expression. Your Distinction of the *only Sovereign* (b) passes generally for a great Proof of your Accomplishment in this Kind: and keeps People from thinking there can be more than one uppermost, or two Sovereign Kings of *Brentford*, at a Time. Again, that *previous Interposition* (c) of yours must be very pretty. I can think of nothing like it but your *Procedure closely pursu'd* (d). But I take your great Masterpiece to be in *superficial Enquiries* (e). Of these the Main seems to be your *deep Insight into Complexions* (f). But for a Man to shew the Nicety of his Taste by what he advances on the Subject of Complexions (g), must be very singular. To taste a Complexion, is an Art in which former Philosophers were not at all skill'd: and seems wholly reserv'd for your so fortunate Nicety. On this Occasion I should be apt to remind you of the Discipline the School-boys, that use such Sayings, undergo, I will not say at *Westminster*, but every petty Grammar School throughout the Kingdom, but that you have given so often Proofs of the Laxity of the Spincters of your *Anus* and *Bladder* upon any Fear (h). I should be sorry to be the Cause that such a *Disaster* should now attack you (i): and that they be not longer able to entertain their Contents (k). That you may the more admire it, I give all in your own Words, and peculiar Expression: and shall dismiss this Subject, after I have desir'd you to explain to the

(a) Pag. 20. (b) Pag. 8. (c) Pag. 28. (d) Par. 42.
 (e) Pag. 10. (f) Pag. 20. (g) Pag. 18. (h) Ibid. (i) Pag. 4.
 (k) Pag. 39.

the Curious what it is for the Bile to *act a Part in the Affair of Waking* (l).

But with that Sort of Learning call'd ordinarily *Bombast*, you abound exceedingly: as also with the *sesquipedalia Verba* (m); which you let go on all Occasions with great Profusion (n). In so much that your Discharges upwards, are pretty nearly of the same Value and Use with those downwards. You set forth very auspiciously: and betwixt Jest and Earnest, Verse and Prose, Thus you begin ——

Sir, I have perus'd your late elaborate Treatise with the utmost Delight,
And am in the highest Raptures and Transport to find a Writer who has the same Turn of Stile and Cogitation (o)
With myself. 'Tis with a Flush of Joy that I observe the exact Conformity and Modulation.

This must be allow'd a most auspicious Setting forth: and such happy Jingle is so natural to you, and so much fills your Noddle, that out it pours, in Rhymes of all Sorts and Sizes, thro' your whole Letter. But in some Places you excel strangely: Your fifth is a glorious Page; but too long to transcribe. I shall therefore content myself with one other Sample of your Success in this Way: and then leave the Subject. I doubt not but in your next Criticisms and Refinements upon Stile you will produce more.

(l) Pag. 16. (m) Horat. de Arte Poetica. (n) Letter, p. 18.
 (o) Pag. 1.

*She (p) is always frugal in her Management :
And makes Use of the same Instrument, &c.
For — the Deglutition of the Aliment.*

*The same Feather,
That helps to raise a Bird into th' Air,
Is also a most eminent
And noble Agent
Under a discreet Management
To sollicit the Rise of the Contents, &c. (q)*

This must be allow'd to be a Method of Writing most judiciously pitch'd upon by a Man treating of Physick : and shews a Mind truly concern'd for the Life, Health, and Good of Mankind. As you wisely observe, p. 18, it must needs.

*Let the skilful Physician
Deep into the Condition
Of his Patients.
And discover Him the real Instruments
Of all their Ails. —*

Tho' no Man living can possibly be more thorougly appriz'd of his Excellencies than you certainly are, yet this wherein you are so wondrously accomplish'd, and into which you fall so readily, without Study, or Art, seems to have escaped your Notice. Dear Sir ! you have a great Pleasure to come. When next you take the Criticks *Virgula divinatoria* into your Hand, you'll find Heroics, Epics, and Pindarics in every Page of this your notable Epistle. Go on

on and prosper sweet Sir ! and hope in Time to equal *Francis Quarles* and *George Witbers*. *Elkanah Settle*, the City Poet, even trembles at the Thoughts of a Rival thus highly qualified, and that has such lucky Hits. His utmost Wishes are only to hold the Lawrel for Life. He is confident if you let but *Physick* alone, you have that natural Solidity and Substance in you that you will be the Survivor. Nor is he by any Means averse to nominate you his Successor, and bequeath you his Lawrel by Will. Then 'twill be your proper Post, and you will have a glorious Occasion to shew your Talents to Panegyric, when, as you with great Courtesy decree, the great Genius of Gresham is to have a Crown of Gold set upon his Head, upon my Lord Mayors Day (r). Some, who think they see deeper than ordinary into Things, say you have slyly screw'd your self into the Office already : and that your present Performance is really a Panegyric on the State of *Physsick*. They will have it that you play'd Booty : and wrote only to make that Book sell. Your Proceedings are indeed very mysterious : and, whatsoever your Design was, it has had that Effect. Not that it follows hence that this was really your Intention. You are as often at cross Purposes, and have the oddest Hits of any Mortal alive. You once before, with the utmost Stretch of your Parts to compose a Panegyric upon a certain Expedition into Spain, fell, through a like Inadvertence, into so hideous a Strain of Satyr, that 'twas found absolutely necessary to impose Silence

Silence on you, and enjoin you to write no more. Well had it been for you had you stopp'd there! you have since made as unlucky a Piece of Work, in essaying to write *Comments on Hippocrates* with a *Goose Feather*, as you do in this *Letter* with a *Peacock's*. But you have a strange Fancy at wantoning and toying with *Feathers* (f). 'Tis to be hoped, that Age, and dear-bought Experience has now taught you better, and made you leave off. But to return to the *Crown* you talk of. The *Corona Civica* has been wont to be bestowed on them that defended the City, and saved the Lives of the Citizens. On the Day that you are to celebrate that *Solemnity*, think not my *Freind* ! on *Campbore and Acids*, on *Purgeing in the Small-Pox*, and such other Methods as cut off the Lives of the Citizens. That may hurt your Fancy and spoil your Rhime-ing.

But, to proceed with the Consideration how eminent you appear in the Way of Bombast. You can't say an Apoplexy, but *Apopleckick Strokes* (t). So, reiterated *Dissections* (u) must needs be very fine Things I can hardly think of any Thing like them besides your decent *Reciprocation of Oils* (x). 'Tis true indeed, as you remark, and as 'tis constantly upon Experience found to be true (y), that you have as strong a natural Byass to this Way of Expression, as to Rhiming.

*Hourly your learn'd Impertinence affords
A barren Superfluity of Words* (z).

But

(f) Pag. 11, 27, 50. (t) Pag. 19. (u) Pag. 12.
(x) Pag. 15. (y) Pag. 24. (z) Dispensary Cant. 2.

But you no where are so eminent, or shine so much, in this Way, as in that *Spanish Romance* abovementioned. You have nothing in this Letter that comes near it. Only what you say (*a*) of your Patron's *Actions* wanting *only to be understood in Order to be valued*, may be laid of your Style commonly. Tho' what you want in Sense, you ever make up abundantly in Flourish, and long Words. *A Diminution of indisputable Services*, as you phrase it, must needs be some very strange Thing. As in the former Sentence you shew the *flash* and the *quaint*, so here you give a charming Example of the *sonorous* and *transcendental*: as you do in what follows of the *sublime*. *viz.* *Indefatigable Application and unparallel'd Successes* (*b*). 'Tis in the very same Strain and Style that you say of your Patron, 'twas to *his unwearied Vigilance, and uncommon Stratagems, we owe — the Infatuation our Enemies were then possessed with* (*c*). Those, who were Judges, all allow the Conduct and Performances of that General were truly great, and even surprising. But the Question so hard to be determined is, whether by your peculiar fantastick Representation of them you did not as much maul his Character, as you did, some Time after, by your Prescriptions, the Person of his Son, one of the greatest Ornaments of his Age and Nation. As for the *Infatuation* you talk of, it had been well for you it had been only on the Side of the *Enemies*. You had not then told your Patron in Print, tho' indeed it be very true,

(*a*) *Account of the E. of P's Conduct in Spain, p. 5.*

(*b*) *Ibid. p. 3.* (*c*) *Ibid. p. 39.*

true, that you present him with *what few Men in their own Case would care to see.* viz. a Libel upon his Conduct. Not but that, after such a Representation as you had there made of him, every Body thinks you very generous where you declare to him that, notwithstanding, you are *neither ashamed nor afraid to own him*: and Pity it was that it should be so highly improper for the most complaisant Man alive to return your Compliment. 'Twas indeed very extraordinary, if what you say be true, that *all the great Things he had done could not procure Credit to his Advice*: — and yet he *still persisted* — in *forwarding those Designs which he neither laid nor approved*. For that had been as odd in him to have acted, as 'tis pleasant in you to charge him with it. In one Thing indeed it must be allowed you judge not ill, that *your Account will still have more the Air of Romance than History*; particularly where you talk of your Patron's *Advantages, his Gains, and his Consciousness*. And yet all passed with you for Praise: and you was so transported with this Performance that you were sailing on in a full Gale of your own Fancy, and had got a 2d Volume into the Press; in which, 'tis said you had outdone this former. So that 'twas not without great Reason you were obliged to take it again out of the Printer's Hands, and to suppress it. 'Twas happy for you, you came off so: and you had great Favour and Mercy shewn you that an Action of *Scandalum Magnatum* was not brought against you for what you have publish'd, and what 'tis said you judge, to this Day, the greatest Master-piece in Panegyric that has ever been set forth in Print, antient or modern.

It can hardly, dear Sir ! be thought a pleasant Path in which I have attended you thus far. Should I follow still on, and look into the rest of your Delicacies of this Sort, that are so frequent in this and your other Writings, there would be little Hopes of coming to our Journey's End in any reasonable Time. Besides, no one, who reflects on the Nature of my present Employ, can well wonder that I should be, by this Time, heartily tired. Not but that, after a little Rest and Refreshment, if you think fit to call upon me again, I shall be ready to take the other Turn with you. Mean while I humbly hope what I have now entertain'd you with, by the Way, may serve for some Admonition to you : and do you Good. If it be a Caution to you not to hold your Head quite so high as hitherto, 'twill at the same Time be the Means to raise your Virtue so much the higher. If it be an Inducement to you to look a little at Home, it can never fail to put you sadly out of Countenance with your present Practice of dressing up others, without the least Regard to Justice, in any Romantic Habit that best suits your Ends or Fancy. You are wont to talk much of *Hippocrates*, and the *Greeks*, tho' this Letter shews you as much a Stranger to their Morals : as your *Comments on Hippocrates*, to their Physick. Indeed you appear wholly unacquainted with even the very first Principle, of *Pittacus*, *Chilon*, and the other Sages of that Nation, which is to *know yourself* (a). If I have been able a little to tutor you into this so necessary a Knowledge,

the admiring World shall applaud the Power of Dr. Byfield, tho' no *Academical Graduate* (b) : and allow his Advice to be a not less wonderful *Alterant* than you are pleas'd to allow his *Sal* (c). This is what will be a Subject of great Joy to me : and make me think the Labour, I have bestow'd on you, not ill employ'd. When once Truth begins to weigh with you, you'll abhor all Feigning, Counterfeiting, and Forgery : and, as good Sense sprouts up, you'll have no Occasion to borrow my Name to procure Regard to what you write. Never again, I beseech you, think of any such Thing ; I will no more take it, than I will Phyfick, from you. So far as a Dedication may go, or the like, I shall not be averse. But if, in Gratitude and Return for these Pains, you make Choice of me, your faithful Monitor, as the Patron of your future Lucubrations, of all Loves let not your Praises of me be such as to appear to all others wholly in Form of Banter, and Reproach : or carry with them anything of the Mien and Air of your aforemention'd *Spanish Panegyrick*.

I am, with all possible Obsequiousness to your great Formality, sweet Sir !

Your &c.

(b) Letter, p. 51. (c) Ib. p. 22.

F I N I S.

By Reason of the Author's Absence in the Country, a few Errata have escaped ; which the Reader is desired to correct as follows :

Page 28, l. 16, for wanted read wonted.

38, l. 5, for Alteration read Altercation.

42, l. 13, for when read that.

